

Children's Newspaper

Every Tuesday—Threepence

FOUNDED BY ARTHUR MEE

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CONTACT!

AN instructor of the Women's Junior Air Corps demonstrates the correct way to "swing the prop" of a Piper Cub aircraft at Elstree Aerodrome.



NURSING SISTER'S JOURNEY IN NORTH CHINA

On a Cart Through Communist Lines

After two years in the small hospital of Tsangchow in North China, in a countryside controlled by Communist forces, Miss Gwenfron Moss of Cardiff, a nursing sister, set out five months ago to reach Tientsin and bring back hospital supplies. The story of her adventurous journey has now reached the London Missionary Society.

Miss Moss started from the hospital compound last February, accompanied by the Chinese hospital handyman called "Happy," and they reached Tientsin in three days by Chinese cart and train. Hospital supplies had been accumulating in Tientsin, but the Communist authorities had been very cautious in granting permission to collect the goods.

Assembling five Chinese carts, Miss Moss and her colleagues started packing the goods in boxes. They averaged six boxes a day, and for two weeks the process of packing went on—drugs, stretchers, linen, blankets, cooking utensils, operating instruments—until the caravan of carts was ready to set out on the journey of sixty miles through the lines of the Communist forces.

Coveted Piece of Paper

It was then that Miss Moss discovered that her travel permit was out of date, so the wearying process of securing another had to be started. Chinese can move about freely in the Communist areas, but not even Chinese are allowed to move consignments of goods.

For over two weeks Miss Moss presented herself before various officials with an exact description of the 153 cases, weighing about five tons, which she wished to move southwards. Everywhere she was courteously received, and at last she received the coveted piece of paper which gave the permission to move.

On March 17 the cavalcade of piled carts moved out from the Tientsin mission compound, with Miss Moss perched among the bales on one load. The five carts had rubber tyres but no springs, and as they were heavily loaded the carts swayed considerably as the horses walked down the rough roads.

Overturned Cart

The roads were full of ruts and pot-holes, and in several places had been cut right across during the fighting. Crossing one camel-back bridge the caravan leader saw an overturned cart whose owner was rescuing his baggage from the water below. Then came the border, and two officials stopped the caravan; but after "Happy" had explained their purpose the hospital supplies were waved on.

The party drew in for the night to a temporary hostelry, and Miss Moss says, "Never before have I stayed in anything quite so crude. We two women

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New Loaf for the Baker's Horse

After 37 years of driving a baker's cart in Auckland, Thomas Cunliffe decided to retire.

But he also wanted his faithful horse, Lofty, to retire. Every weekday for 12 years they had delivered 700 loaves of bread to householders.

So when Mr Cunliffe's employer asked him if there was anything he wanted before he retired he said he would like to buy Lofty; and his employers gave him the horse.

Now Lofty has a new home. Friends of Mr Cunliffe have given the old horse a place on their farm, and there he will loaf in another kind of way for the rest of his days.

The Rocket in the Wind Tunnel

CAN you imagine an artificial wind sweeping through a tunnel at speeds of up to 1000 mph—or ten times the speed of a good-sized hurricane? Such is the project of R. W. Porter, of the General Electric Company of America. He states that six supersonic wind tunnels will soon be in operation.

And their purpose? It is to test rockets and rocket flight. Ordinary wind tunnels have been in use for a considerable time, and it has been found that much the same structural stresses appear whether the aircraft is passing through the air or whether the air is passing the aircraft. The latter has many advantages, as it is stationary and can be studied at will.

The design of wind tunnels in which the air moves faster than sound, however, is a breakaway from current practice, and as the air roars through them at fantastic speeds rocket designers will be able to test their designs so as to ensure stable flight.

SAILING IN THE BATH!

THREE Wise Men of Gotham went to sea in a bowl, but a sage of New Jersey, USA, recently improved on this; he removed his bath, fixed a wooden frame to the bottom of it and an outboard motor to the back, and away he skimmed across the water. He was careful to put the plug in first, but his craft was dual purpose, for he had only to take out the plug and enjoy a bath!

He certainly scored over the original exponents of this sort of thing, the Gothamites, for their schemes always seemed to go wrong.

Obviously the eccentric of New Jersey has made himself an inexpensive motor-boat. Anyhow, what a dull place the world would be if no one ever did anything original!

A School Bell Ringing in the Wilderness

A school in the desert where John the Baptist lived and wandered ("a voice crying in the wilderness"), a school without buildings, blackboards, books, or desks, but eagerly attended by about 2000 boys and girls, is described by Willem Van Vliet in the Unesco Courier.

It is an Arab refugee school attached to a camp at El Shune near the Dead Sea. This "school" has no equipment whatever. There are no buildings within a distance of 50 miles. The younger pupils have tents but the rest are taught in the open air; yet not even the scorching desert sun can diminish the education hunger of these young Arabs as they squat in classes on the baking sand.

Teacher and pupils alike have to show great resource, because there is nothing to write on. Writing lessons are replaced by spelling, and arithmetic has to be done mentally.

The only "desk," when Mr Willem Van Vliet went there, was a soapbox belonging to the headmaster, Mr Fattah Nounih, who also had the only writing material, two notebooks, which were nearly full.

Mr Van Vliet, a Unesco worker, took notes of the equipment this valiant school needed: 32 blackboards, 6000 copybooks, 2000 pencils, Arab readers, English New Method Readers, "and a school bell, please," wistfully added Mr Nounih.

Mr Van Vliet thought he was joking. "Do you really want me to note that, too?" he asked. "Oh, yes!" replied the headmaster. "A school bell is most essential."

"Two weeks later," writes Mr Van Vliet, "when I had returned to Paris, I could hear Mr Nounih's insistent voice: 'and a school bell, please.' A school bell! It seemed such a bizarre request. A school bell ringing in the wilderness."

Unesco, together with the Lord Mayor of London's Appeal for Children, and the Norwegian U N A C, have provided over 11,000 of the refugee children with desks and other needs. But more than 15,000 children are still attending schools which have no equipment, and another 150,000 receive no instruction at all.

These are indeed voices crying in the wilderness, asking for youth's birthright of education.

Putting Monkeys in Their Place

Monkeys must live only in zoos in New Zealand!

When a ship's officer returning from Java took two monkeys as a gift to his mother in Auckland, New Zealand, he was told by customs officers that he could not bring them ashore unless they were to be sent to a zoo.

New Zealand is afraid that monkeys might run wild in its forests and eventually become pests.

Will the Far East Look to the West?

Prodigious changes are today taking place in Asia and its Pacific islands, changes which will undoubtedly influence the course of events all over the world. Here a special correspondent describes what is happening in this important, though distant, area.

THE enormous continent of Asia, the home of a quarter of the human race, is in a turmoil of unprecedented size. Developments now going on in Asia will determine the fate of that continent for a long time to come.

So important are these happenings that a few weeks ago General Jan Smuts said, and not without reason, that to his mind the greatest changes in a changing world were taking place in the Far East and that happenings in Europe were unimportant in comparison with them.

In order to get a proper understanding of the events in Asia, let us start with China, its largest and most populous country. There the progress of the civil war has swung in favour of the Communist armies. Under the leadership of Mao Tse-tung the Communists continue to drive southwards and westwards, fighting successfully the opposing troops of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek.

What should our attitude be to these developments? The position of the Western Powers seems to be that, however much they dislike the establishment of a Communist régime over all China, there is little they can do to help the decayed régime of Chiang. So accommodation must

be sought with Mao, and sooner or later some live-and-let-live design will doubtless be found.

But before that happens many complications may arise. We do not know, for instance, what attitude the Communists will adopt when they reach the boundary of our Crown Colony of Hong Kong. We do not know what will happen in Malaya, Burma, and Indo-China, where strong Communist insurrections are in progress, when the Chinese Communist armies reach the southern frontiers of China.

Pacific Pact

There may be a sort of reaction among the Asiatic nations themselves. It has already been reported that the Philippines are taking the initiative in shaping a Pacific Pact, the main purpose of which would be to defend democracy in Asia. With the Philippines such a Pact may well align Indonesia, Burma, Ceylon, India, and Pakistan.

But not all dangers in Asia are due to Communist activities. In Indonesia a Nationalist Government, strongly opposed to continued Dutch influence in these fabulously wealthy islands, is being reinstated to full power. A tug-of-war is now going on between the Dutch and the Indonesians to evolve a solution acceptable to all parties.

In Burma the Government are opposed by the Karen tribes; and there is still friction between India and Pakistan over the fate of Kashmir, and between Afghanistan and Pakistan over the North-West Frontier.

Can any common denominator be found for all these difficulties?

We have the authority of Mr Malcolm MacDonald, Britain's High Commissioner for South-East Asia, that it can. In his opinion there are two powerful trends throughout Asia.

Two Trends

The first is a powerful flood of political nationalism claiming the right of self-government for the Asiatic people. The other is the economic aim for the uplift of the Asiatic masses to secure for themselves a higher standard of living. The opportunity which the Communists have in Asia is therefore not to preach Communism so much as to try to associate themselves with these two big movements and to exploit them to their own ends.

It is now for the West, believes Mr MacDonald, to show that these Asiatic aspirations can be upheld by other, democratic, means. So far this has been splendidly achieved by Britain and America, as proved by the complete freedom bestowed by them upon India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Burma, and the Philippines. Economically the Western countries have been organising rice distribution and thus have saved the area from famine.

So, despite the upheavals, a way out can clearly be seen—a way that is based on mutual help given by the Asiatic and European nations, and on constant work to improve the standard of living of the peoples of Asia.

LONG JOHN SILVER SAILS AGAIN

WALT DISNEY, who is at present making a new film of Treasure Island, has been visiting R. L. Stevenson's birthplace and museum at 8 Howard Place, Edinburgh, in order, he says, to get to know the author better.

While he was there Mr Disney disclosed some facts about the film. Already, it seems, there is sailing in English waters a duplicate of the famous schooner, the Hispaniola, which carried Jim Hawkins, Dr Livesey, and Long John Silver in search of pirate gold.

But the ship, though built and equipped exactly as described by R. L. S., differs from the original in one important respect, for it is driven by concealed motor-power instead of relying on its sails. The sails are there all right and billow out in a breeze in most convincing fashion, but they are of no use for sailing purposes for they are filmy in texture and the wind blows through them.

Mr Disney was so enamoured with the Hispaniola after he saw her completed that he was almost persuaded to take on the job of captain himself.

Although some omissions have to be made from the story to fit it into the running time allowed for the film, we may be sure that Mr Disney, who read Treasure Island through six times before he decided to film it, will leave out none of the more thrilling episodes which crowd this celebrated tale of adventure.

Long John Silver, that swash-buckling buccaneer, with his extraordinary mixture of villainy and good nature, will capture all our hearts on the film as he does in the tale, and we must watch out for his famous crutch which, we are told, will play a prominent part.

Cross Old Channel

YOUNG people are to the fore among the adventurers who this summer are challenging the turbulent strip of sea that has made Britain what she is. Old Man Channel was too much for Hitler in 1940, and has defeated attempts to cross his fretful face in 1949.

One of those intending to attack the Channel this summer is a 16-year-old American school-girl, Shirley May France, the youngest person ever to attempt this crossing.

A young man of 18, Philip Mickman of Wakefield Grammar School, Yorkshire, made a brave first attempt not long ago to swim from Cap Gris Nez to Dover, and had to give up seven miles from the Kent coast. But he only agreed to come out of the water when his father and his trainer, Mr E. H. Temme, promised him that he should try again this summer.

Another courageous but unsuccessful attempt was made recently by the Dutch woman swimmer, Mrs Willi Croes Van Rijssel, who covered herself in 25 lbs. of grease to keep out the cold before entering the water. She had to give up when only a mile and a half from the British coast—a valiant effort.

Let us hope that Old Man Channel does not come through this summer triumphant against those who defy his wayward tides and whims.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

SOUTHWARD HO!

More than one-fifth of the tonnage of British passenger-carrying ships on the U.K. shipping register is now engaged on Australia-bound services.

The little Kent town of Tenterden has celebrated the 500th anniversary of the granting of its Charter. A pageant performed by 390 pupils of Home-wood County Secondary School illustrated important episodes in the town's history.

Twenty-one British Scouts are having a three-week holiday in Finland. The plane which took them returned with 21 Finnish Scouts who are to have a holiday here, also to be guests of their brother Scouts.



16-year-old Drum-Major Margaret Cooper gives a final tilt to the bonnet of 8-year-old Diana Edwards before the London March of the Wick Girls' Pipe Band.

Funds are to be raised for Little Canada, Surrey, a home for sick children, by the sale of 12 large maps signed by Mr Winston Churchill. They show his 19 journeys during the war. Ten are to be sold in the U.S., one in Britain, and one in Canada.

Generous Australia

The Australian Food for Britain Fund has received over £1,500,000 during the last 31 years, and has also received over 2,000,000 orders for the person to person parcel scheme since it was started 20 months ago.

Since the new State of Israel was established last year, 252,000 immigrants have arrived in the country, increasing its Jewish population by 38 per cent.

Miss Caryl Glyn Jones, of Trelaw, Rhondda, who has just won a Brough prize for philosophy, has now received scholarship awards amounting to £2000.

Three million pounds from Marshall Aid is to be provided for completing the reclamation of Zuider Zee, Holland.

QUICK TIME

A new factory for the manufacture of alarm clocks, at Carfin, Lanarkshire, can now produce one alarm clock every three seconds.

The gross value of Southern Rhodesia's farming produce has increased by 238 per cent in nine years.

WRONG HAIRCUT!

A man who went to sleep in an Illinois barber's chair awoke to find that the barber, instead of cutting his hair, had cut off his beard, which had taken him 30 years to grow. The barber was fined.

Britain has offered to pay for damage said to have been done in the tiny independent state of San Marino in Italy during an R.A.F. raid in the war.

Over 40,000 people, of 37 different nations, have become naturalised British citizens since the war.

Permission has been granted for a United States expedition to search Mount Ararat, Turkey, for traces of Noah's Ark.

Air Litter

An aeroplane left London not long ago with 16 pigs for export, and arrived at Vienna with 27.

A fire in the roofs of houses at Dagenham, Essex, not long ago, was believed to have been started by a sparrow taking a lighted cigarette-end to its nest.

Aldo Floravanti, an Italian, has swum 75 miles in the River Tiber in just over 30 hours.

Nearly £100,000,000 was spent on gambling in Great Britain in 1948; it was the lowest amount for four years.

Well Hit, Sir!

While playing in a cricket match, the headmaster of a school in Kent hit a six and broke a school window. The children cheered.

France and Britain have made a television agreement by which both countries will adopt a transmission of 405 lines, the present British system.

The Viking ship Hugin brought a 4000-year-old flint axe as a gift from the Old Scouts of Denmark to the Old Scouts of Britain.

Well Done!

The Dorset village of Wootton Glanville, population 210, has collected £100,000 in savings.

Plantations of the Forestry Commission in Dorsetshire were damaged by fire recently. In one plantation 140,000 trees, 20 years old, were destroyed.

A consignment of animals from Calcutta recently left London by air for New York. On board were 24 snakes, 300 monkeys, eight toucans, one Siamese cat, and numbers of rabbits, dogs, hornbills, and mynahs.

A London civil engineer hired a taxicab for 18 days and travelled to Paris, the Riviera, Rome, Rimini, Ravenna, and the Alps. The speedometer registered 3400 miles and the fare worked out at £128.

A Victory Indeed

COMMENTING on the gallantry of the crew who brought HMS Amethyst to safety from her moorings on the Yangtze River, where she had been held captive by the Communists since April, the New York Times said:

The escape of the Amethyst is . . . a moral victory. Their bold stroke may not affect the outcome of affairs in China, but it gives every Briton today the right to lift his head. If it gives Americans, too, the will to lift their hearts and their vision it will have been a victory indeed.

CHINA JOURNEY

Continued from page 1

'bedded' down with all the men in the one 'room' put at our disposal. It was a mat-shed, with straw on the floor. During the night a strong wind blew up and so, instead of starting off again at midnight, as arranged, we did not leave until 3 a.m. It was gloriously moonlit, but—oh!—so cold and with a keen wind and lots of dust. We hadn't gone far when the woman passenger fell off the cart! Mercifully there were no broken bones, but her arm swelled considerably as the day wore on. On and on we went, fortunately with a following wind, but there were many times when one could hardly see us for dust.

Coming nearer home, the water tower of the Tsangchow hospital was spotted at sunset. Soon afterwards the long-expected cavalcade moved into the hospital compound having brought the goods through the Communist lines in safety. Such are the journeys and hazards which those who live to serve others are prepared to face; it's all in the day's work to them.

Tiddlers and Treasure

WHEN three children were trying to catch tiddlers with their hands in Sephton Brook, near Ormskirk, Lancashire, they dislodged a piece of clay which brought to light some glittering coins.

Further investigation revealed a hoard of 110 Roman coins of a period from about 50 B.C. to A.D. 138. They are said to be in an excellent state of preservation.

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How Much is a Cubic Mile?

THOUGH scientists maintain that we are facing a famine of common metals Sir Henry Tizard, speaking at the Empire Mining and Metallurgical Congress held recently in London, proved that Man is still only scratching the Earth's surface.

Only one cubic mile of ores has been extracted since mining began; despite the widespread use of internal combustion engines only one cubic mile of petroleum has been consumed so far; and only 20 cubic miles of coal have been mined in all parts of the world since the beginning of time! And, going to a depth of only one mile, roughly 60 million cubic miles of earth remain to be explored.

But long before the Earth is exhausted of its minerals we

shall have learned how to mine the seas, which cover 140 million square miles of the globe. There we will find richer deposits than those on land, for it has been estimated that one cubic mile of sea water contains 117 million tons of salt, six million tons of magnesium, 283,000 tons of bromine, 8000 tons of aluminium, the same quantity of iron, 550 tons of copper, 192 tons of iodine, 94 tons of silver, and three tons of gold.

And just to prove how enormous a cubic mile really is we must not forget that all the people on Earth, if each were allowed a space measuring six feet high by two feet long by one foot wide, could be contained in a cube whose sides were little more than half a mile long!

The Trout's Secret

HUMPTY DUMPTY had trouble with fish, and so have experts of the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries. Humpty sent a message to the fish and their answer was entirely unsatisfactory . . . "I told them once, I told them twice, they would not listen to advice."

In the end he got into a frightful passion with them; but the Ministry scientists are more patient people—and they have an idea better than Humpty's: they have sent a message *with* the fish. They have fastened to hundreds of sea-trout little plastic tubes in order to find out where these mysterious fish go after leaving the east coast of Britain, which they visit every summer. Now the experts are waiting for someone to catch one of these and tell them where it was found.

MORE TIME FOR SCIENCE CLUBS

A PROPOSAL that the number of compulsory school hours in primary and secondary schools everywhere should be reduced, if necessary, in order to give pupils more free time to attend Science Clubs, was made at a meeting of Science Club leaders from several countries at Unesco House in Paris.

The meeting, at which the International Boy Scouts Movement and the YMCA were represented, also, proposed that Unesco should recommend Governments of Member States to support Science Clubs.

REMEMBERING LIVINGSTONE

AFTER his return from Africa in 1864 David Livingstone stayed at Newstead Abbey as the guest of his friend, W. F. Webb, the big-game hunter, and there wrote his celebrated book, *The Zambesi and its Tributaries*.

To commemorate this link with the brave missionary, a plaque is shortly to be placed in the Nottinghamshire mansion. The plaque is being prepared by Mr C. d'O. Pilkington Jackson, of Edinburgh, who created the coloured sculpture tableaus in the Livingstone Museum at Blantyre in Lanarkshire.

For Britain and a Happy Future

YOUTH organisations will play a big part in this year's National Savings Week, which is being held from October 22 to 29, and many of them have worked out plans to make the Week a memorable and colourful one.

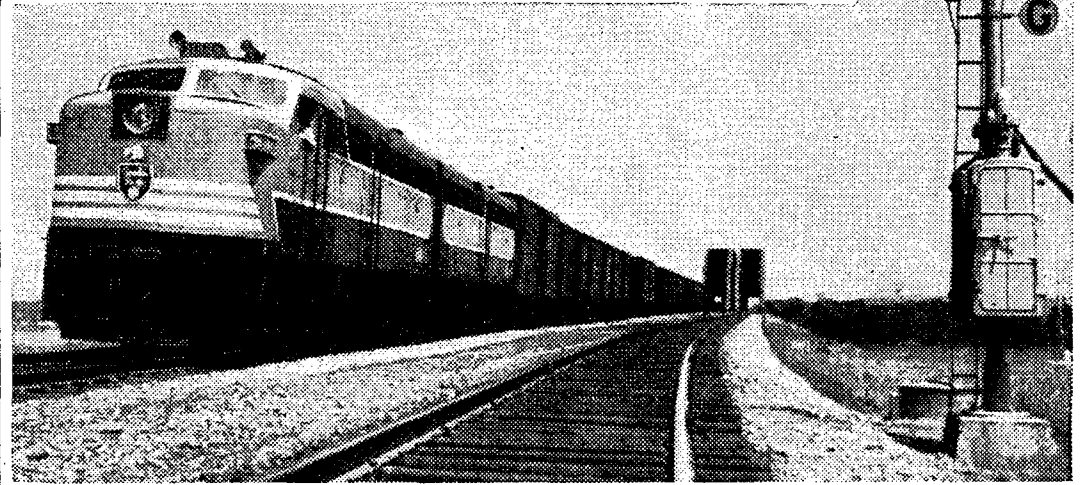
The slogan for the Week is *For Britain and a Happy Future*, which is a stirring call for young people. Many of us will feel we would like to lend a hand, and Local Savings Committees will be glad of offers of assistance from young folk.

Numbers of boys and girls are getting a lot of fun and interest out of active work for the National Savings Movement, which is work of real national importance.

Oil Power Comes to Canadian Railway

THE Canadian Pacific Railway has ordered the last of the familiar giant steam locomotives, and the great Diesel engine in the picture below is the first of the 23 which are being built for the main line from Montreal to Wells River, across the United States border. This streamlined monster is used for hauling freight.

Our picture shows Diesel engine 4000 after it has crossed the St Lawrence River and is on its way from Montreal to Newport in Vermont. The locomotive consists of two units, each supplying 1500 h p, and can haul loads of over 2200 tons up the heavy grades of the lines through the Green Mountains of Vermont, in New England.



MUSEUM FOR BEDFORD

BEDFORD'S first public museum has been opened. It is called the Cecil Higgins Museum because the late Cecil Higgins, a native of Bedford, left to the town his excellent collection of glass, pottery, porcelain, and other objects of art.

In accordance with his desire, the Museum is in Castle Close, a Victorian house which had been the property of Mr Higgins's family and occupies part of the site of the eleventh-century Bedford Castle. The house has been converted into a museum.

DOLLAR-EARNING TOURS

AIR tours of Britain have been planned for American visitors, and it is hoped that they will be a further means of earning dollars. They are 15-day tours costing nearly £65, and will be the first British tours of this kind.

In the itinerary tourists travel by air from London to Glasgow, where there are two days' sight-seeing by motor-coach and steamer. Then there is a further flight to Stornoway by way of Tiree, Barra, and Benbecula. The air route then goes by way of Inverness, Lerwick in the Shetlands, Aberdeen, Edinburgh, and back to London. Guides will travel with the tourists.

Volunteer Workers Make Playground

BERMONDSEY has an attractive new playground for children. It has been made by members of the Men's Club of the Manor Methodist Church, Galleywall Road, who with the Minister spent their evenings for three weeks laying concrete on the bombed site where their church once stood.

These volunteers hired a mechanical concrete mixer and bought the materials, and it is estimated that they saved more than £250 in labour. Many children in this district which is short of playgrounds can now play on this site.

Chief of the Farquharsons

SCOTS of the Farquharson Clan all over the world have a new hereditary Chieftain in Captain A. A. C. Farquharson, who has been recognised as Head of the Clan by the Scottish Court dealing with heraldry, the Lyon Court. The judgment was announced recently by the Lord Lyon King of Arms, Sir Thomas Innes of Learney.

Captain Farquharson is also recognised as Laird of Invercauld, the old baronial building near Braemar which is the ancient seat of the Chiefs of the Farquharsons.

Sir Thomas Innes spoke of the inheritance of the principal hearth and an armorial fireplace lintel in an ancestral mansion as entitling the inheritor of them to Chiefship, even if the mansion itself has been destroyed. This relationship of chiefship to the hearth of the race, according to Sir Thomas, goes back to the primitive tribal organisation of the Stone Age.

Admission by Coconut

One coconut is the cost of admission to the film shows in the South Seas arranged by trader D. C. Brown of Raratonga, in the Cook Islands. He takes round a portable film projection unit, and after a cargo of copra has been taken aboard his schooner gives a film show ashore. The coconuts brought for admission by the natives mean still more copra for the trader.

JANE AUSTEN'S HOME

JANE AUSTEN'S house at Chawton, near Alton, Hampshire, is now open to the public and may be visited on Mondays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. The house has been bought for three thousand pounds by Mr Thomas Edward Carpenter of Mill Hill, London, and is being vested in a trust on behalf of the nation in memory of his son Philip, who was killed on active service in Italy in 1944.

FLYING FLEECES

A FLOCK of 400 pure-bred South-down sheep were recently flown, 50 at a time, in freighter aircraft from Blenheim in the South Island of New Zealand so that they could be sold at a sheep fair at Feilding in the North Island.

Owners of valuable sheep in New Zealand consider that it pays them to send their sheep to the fair by air rather than to send them on a sea trip between the two islands.

Wet—and Dry

YOU'LL need your mac if you visit Loch Quoich, in the west of Inverness-shire; not as a tribute to the inventor of that garment, Mackintosh, whose clan homeland is not very far away, but because Loch Quoich has the reputation of being the wettest place in Scotland.

On the other hand, optimists will be tempted to leave their broileries at home when they hear that Edinburgh is Scotland's driest place. For according to the latest official figures, Edinburgh's average rainfall figure since 1831 is 25.1 inches, while that of Loch Quoich, the good holiday place for ducks, is over 110 inches.

STAMP NEWS

BECAUSE of inflation in China, a set of stamps that bear no price has been issued—one for ordinary postage, one for express delivery, one for registered mail, and one for air mail. Now fresh stamps do not have to be printed because prices have increased overnight.

A new pictorial set with values from 1 cent to 10 rupees is to be issued in Mauritius.

TURKEY has issued a set of stamps in honour of its navy. They show the Turkish navy through the ages.

SPECIAL stamps are to be issued by the West and the Russian Zones of Germany to commemorate the 200th birthday of Goethe. Meanwhile, the French Zone will issue a stamp in honour of the centenary of the death of the composer Conradin Kreutzer.



Changing the Guard

Beneath a blazing sun a big crowd watch the Changing of the Guard at the Horse Guards in Whitehall, London.

PHEW! LET'S HAVE AN ICE But First Learn How it is Made

ICE CREAM is "big business" these days in Britain for, as somebody has remarked, we eat a frozen mountain every year.

Before the war, when raw materials were plentiful, the industry had an annual turnover of something like £25,000,000. One firm alone had a daily output of three million portions during the summer months. In a normal year prior to 1939 the public consumed over 80 million gallons of this popular delicacy.

Doctors tell us that ice cream is a most nourishing and health-giving food; and nowadays the most stringent regulations ensure that it is made of the purest ingredients under hygienic conditions.

A modern large-scale ice cream factory working to capacity could turn out eighty to a hundred tons a day if the raw materials were available in sufficient quantities. In pre-war days the ingredients comprised milk products and sugar only, with perhaps some little addition to improve the flavour or texture.

What takes place at a big ice-cream factory? First, the ingredients are sampled and given a "medical" to ensure absolute purity. Then they are carefully weighed and measured and brought together to form a batter-like mixture.

Safety First

This "mix," as it is called, is then pasteurised by bringing it to a certain temperature for a fixed length of time. This operation ensures that the ice cream is made absolutely safe and pure.

While still hot, the mix is pumped at high pressure through a machine called a homogeniser, which has the effect of converting the mix into a creamy fluid with no signs of greasiness. It is then cooled to just above freezing point and run into glass-lined tanks having capacities of anything up to 5000 gallons.

In a few hours the mix is ready for freezing, and it passes through a continuous freezer. During its journey it is whipped and frozen into a plastic condition.

From now on the treatment varies according to the manner in which the ice cream is to be packed. It may be placed in the familiar containers we see in the shops, or packed into cartons or tubs. If it is required as brickettes it is transferred to a special machine which cuts and wraps the separate pieces.

Chocolate Deluge

In whatever form the ice cream is packed it must undergo a hardening process, otherwise it would lose its velvety texture. The packages pass through tunnels in which air, cooled to many degrees below zero, is caused to circulate round the ice cream at tremendous velocity and freezes it rock hard.

What about chocolate-covered ice cream bars? First, the hardened ice cream is cut into bars and the bars drop on to a conveyor belt made of fine wire links. The moving belt carries the blocks under a shower of liquid chocolate. As the coated bars leave the chocolate deluge the chocolate immediately sets hard. The bars are whisked away to machines which wrap them in



Keeping cool at both ends!

paper or foil at the rate of sixty a minute.

During all these processes laboratory assistants take samples, which are examined in the laboratory. The large manufacturers take most elaborate precautions to ensure purity.

The ice cream, now ready for sale, travels in vans or cases which are heavily insulated by being surrounded with a thick layer of cork or similar substance. In addition, a quantity of solid carbon dioxide is placed among the packets. This substance has a temperature of 110 degrees below zero. It evaporates slowly, and in doing so keeps the temperature of the ice cream from rising.

Phew! Now for that ice cream. What shall we have—a cone, a wafer, a tub, or a choc-ice?

WHERE NO ICE CREAM IS NEEDED!

Keeping cool is no hard task in Northern Canada. In the picture on the right, taken when the temperature was 50 degrees below freezing, frost can be seen on the hood of the little Eskimo boy. Below: An Eskimo girl at the entrance to her home, which is built of ice.



Bagpipes in Mexico

MR GEORGE HOWAT, a Scots lawyer who lives in Mexico City and is at present on holiday in this country, has been describing how, during the last forty years, he has been making Mexicans familiar with the notes of the bagpipes.

Every morning without fail, when he is in Mexico City, Mr Howat takes out his treasured bagpipes and regales the inhabitants with a selection of Scottish pipe-music. At first the Mexicans used to stare in amazement when they heard the unfamiliar skirl of the pipes; but now, says Mr Howat, they can tell the difference between The Road to the Isles and The Stirlingshire Militia.

Mr Howat learned his piping in Stirling as a boy, and when he emigrated to Mexico City was elected pipe-major by the St Andrew's Society there. On one occasion he was piping a St Andrew's Night procession of Scots through the streets when a Mexican policeman asked him what the ceremony was about.

"We are commemorating St Andrew, the patron saint of Scotland," Mr Howat explained in Spanish. "Then I must arrest you," answered the policeman, "for religious processions are banned here." Then he escorted the protesting piper to the police station. After explanations, however, all was well.

Our Special Correspondent, CRAVEN HILL, introduces . . .

SOME CHILDREN'S ZOO "PERSONALITIES"

THE Children's Zoo at Regent's Park this season has several interesting animal "personalities," and, oddly enough, they are not Zoo animals in the accepted sense of the word, but are more or less domesticated types.

Not the least distinguished is Mr Moggs, the large but amiable tabby which many a visitor has found suddenly rubbing its sleek flanks against his legs. Like many another Zoo cat, Mr Moggs was originally a stray. He first came on the scene two years ago when little more than a kitten. Of his origin nothing is known. But since nobody turned up to claim him, and his fondness for the staff was so apparent, he was allowed to remain.

Mr Moggs soon began to repay the kindness shown to him, and today is as useful as he is ornamental—which is saying something, for he is a fine big animal, handsomely marked with tiger-like stripes.

"Moggs catches rats as well as mice," Miss Pat Proctor, the supervisor, told me. "And he seems to know we have a good use for his victims, for though he gets plenty, he never eats them. Moggs does most of his hunting after dark, and invariably takes his victims to a

passage beside our kitchen, where we always leave an empty pail standing. Moggs then obligingly drops his catches into the bucket, leaving them there for us to collect in the morning!

"There's no denying his usefulness," added Miss Proctor. "The mice he gets do very nicely for the many owls we have here. The rats we usually hand over to the birds-of-prey aviary."

ANOTHER domestic animal which is proving a great favourite just now is the hybrid Anglo-Nubian goat Belita. Belita loves



Belita, caught red-handed

children in particular, and on being befriended by one will promptly attach herself to the little visitor for the rest of the day, following him around like a pet dog.

Belita, however, is not quite so popular with the staff, whom she tricked badly for quite a time, in this way:

For several days birch-brooms used for sweeping up the enclosure had been found badly mangled. Who or what was causing the damage was a mystery until, one day, special watch was kept. Then Belita was found to be the culprit. She certainly showed no small degree of cunning. For she would wait until the staff were in their kitchen, taking their mid-morning refreshment, and then would "raid" any brooms she could find lying about.

"To keep Belita in her pen is almost impossible," said Miss Proctor, "as she is expert at climbing. It was essential to put a stop to her pranks. So the staff now have special orders to stack all birch-brooms, when not in use, on a roof. So far, this looks like being effective, though Belita is such a resourceful animal that it wouldn't surprise me if, soon, she managed to get up there!"

The Invisible Man in the Pit

MEN of more than twenty nationalities work together at or near the coal face of Gedling Colliery in Nottinghamshire; and this has caused some curious difficulties for the pit officials.

The most amusing was that of the "invisible man." He was given a certain task after another man had been sent elsewhere because his workmates could not understand his broken English. But the replacement proved even more unsuitable. For when he closed his eyes he became invisible. He was a "coloured" man—a Negro.

To overcome the difficulty, the coal-face workers would make him laugh. Then his white teeth gleamed like pearls in the light of the pit lamps. And all was well at the coal face.

Others working down this pit include Jimmy Wong, a Chinese, who quickly earned the reputation of being one of the hardest workers; a Turk, who has studied at London University; Poles, Belgians, and West Indians.

"Despite the different nationalities," says an official of the National Coal Board, "the team work here is as good as anywhere."

The Children's Newspaper, August 13, 1949

5

OTHER PEOPLE'S JOBS—Alan Ivimey tells us of the work of . . .

THE FIREMAN

IF you were looking out of one of the windows at the back of the C.N. office any morning you might easily chance to see three or four firemen scrubbing hoses or polishing bright-work on one of the machines in the yard below.

But if the fire bells began ringing, as they did during one of my visits, you would see those same men suddenly drop everything—cleaning-rags and tins of metal polish—and tear off overalls and shoes and jump on to the waiting machines. And as the cable which opens the station doors was pulled and first the pump-escape and then the pump went growling out into the street with bells clanging, the men might still be buttoning jackets and fastening belts.

For someone's life may be at stake when a fire-alarm is pulled, and it may be a matter not of minutes but seconds.

You would have been looking at the back of Whitefriars Fire Station, which lies right on the edge of the newspaper district of Fleet Street. Everywhere there is paper by the ton. It's a nice neighbourhood for a fire.

AND here it was that I met Fireman Edward Smith, a ginger-haired, shortish, active chap with ten years' service behind him. His special job is driver, although all firemen are capable of driving and all drivers have to do every job that other firemen do. So you might see Ted one day steering his heavy machine through the crowded streets and narrow lanes of the City. His pump can deliver 700-900 gallons of water a minute from a hydrant to four hoses at once. And one of Ted's jobs is to watch the pressure on his dials, especially when any hose is taken off or put on during the course of pumping.

When Ted gets to a fire he jumps from his seat, runs with a length of hose called a "soft suction" to the nearest hydrant to get his pump connected up to the water-supply. In the City of London, which is a specially vulnerable area, hydrants are seldom more than 100 feet apart, although in residential districts they may be as much as 550 feet

apart. Having connected his pump, Ted awaits the orders of the officer in charge, who quickly lays his plans to deal with this particular fire and issues instructions accordingly.



At the top of a 100-foot ladder a fireman directs a jet into the sixth floor of a training tower

I SUPPOSE it is almost everybody's ambition to "have a go" with a fire hose, but most people do not realise that with the terrific pressure set up by a modern pump the nozzle has a "kick" like a gun. If Ted did not carefully control any alteration in pressure, resulting from the disconnection of one or more hoses, on the other hoses still working, one of Ted's mates on the parapet of a burning building or on top of a ladder might be flung to the ground and killed instantly.

Firemen try to tackle a fire from inside a building, if possible. For one thing, this enables them to attack the blaze at close quarters and perhaps prevent it spreading to other parts of the building. But an outside attack has often to be made, and this is where the ladders come into the picture.

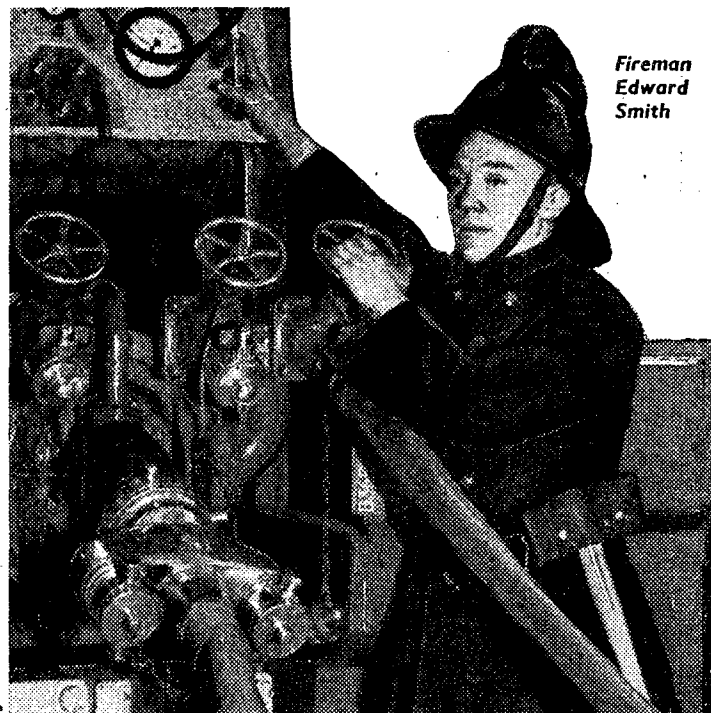
The machines carry 30-foot extension ladders set up by hand. With each "turn-out" in "The City" goes a pump-escape carrying a 50-foot ladder mounted on its own wheels; and a turntable ladder 100 feet long.

SOMETIMES the fight with the flames goes on for minutes, and sometimes for hours, and to keep your hose working with your face to the terrific heat of roaring flames, with smoke in your eyes and lungs, especially when the floor you may be standing on might collapse at any moment, takes plenty of nerve. A slip may mean death.

Ted showed me a neat little coil of cord, capable of bearing the weight of two men, which every fireman carries at his belt for his own safety. It is called a belt line and is 12 feet long. It may also come in handy for rescue work or for odd jobs like tying a hose to the rung of a ladder.

A fireman's first job is to save life; and after that to put out the fire. And Ted specially asked me to say *Never ring a fire-alarm in fun*. It might mean that someone—like you—might be burned to death at a real fire while the machines were answering the false alarm.

TED'S work is not all fires, however. He is called to street accidents where heavy vehicles have to be lifted, and special gear for this is kept at the Fire Station. He is also in charge, by the way, of a kit of special tools for breaking into burning houses—crowbars, padlock removers, and so on. The other day he was called to Smithfield Market to rescue a horse which had fallen down—unhurt, luckily



Fireman Edward Smith

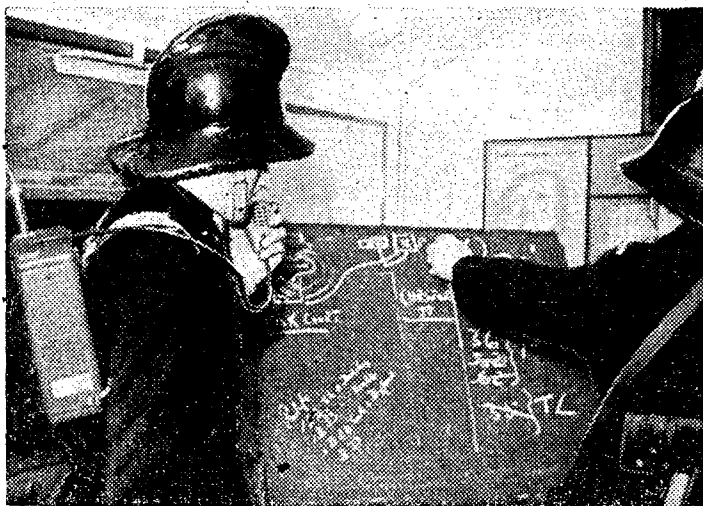
—and got wedged between a railing and a building. And a special "expander" is carried on an emergency tender for rescuing children who have pushed their heads through iron railings and cannot get out.

Ted lives at Southgate, in North London, and works a week of day duties followed by a week of night duties. And on night duty no fireman sleeps. All must be at instant readiness. During the day there is much cleaning and polishing to be done, inspections, and always Drills. Firemen are always practising

and there is a dummy building called a drill tower, 5 storeys and 50 feet high, in the yard.

The nerve-centre of the Fire Station is the Control-room with switchboards for telephone and automatic fire-alarm calls. For many buildings have alarms which go off on their own when a fire breaks out. Ted, like all his mates, does a spell in this room at least once a week.

IF ever there was a job which keeps a man "on his toes" it is the Fireman's. Anybody's life may depend on him—any time.



A fireman with "walkie-talkie" reports to a mobile control unit the progress of the battle against the flames



A realistic display of fire-fighting and life-saving by London firemen



Lending a Hand

Willing helpers with armfuls of oats in a harvest field at Chobham, Surrey.

SECRET OF THE ROC'S EGG

THE mysterious contents of the huge egg of an extinct giant bird may be revealed by an X-ray examination of it to be made at the National Museum, Melbourne, where the egg has been since 1862.

The egg comes from Madagascar, where the great ostrich-like bird, sometimes called a roc, once lived. Remains of the bird and its eggshells, which have been dug up, indicate that it was even larger than the recently extinct giant moa of New Zealand.

It is thought that these eggs inspired the old legends of Arab sailors about the Great Roc—the mythical bird which figures in The Arabian Nights, and was supposed to snatch up elephants and carry them off to its nest to feed its young! One of them bore Sindbad the Sailor safely from the island on which he had been left. Scientists have been hoping that the X-ray of the big egg will reveal inside it the body of an unhatched chick, for the egg shows no sign of a crack or hole. It weighs nearly three pounds and is nine and a half inches in diameter.

News From a Fairbridge College

CN READERS have been interested in the Fairbridge Memorial College in Southern Rhodesia since it was established there four years ago. Its Warden, Mr C. J. Edgecombe, now in England, has been telling us how his British emigrant schoolboys and girls are getting on.

The College was founded as a memorial to Kingsley Fairbridge, the splendid South African who, saddened by seeing unwanted children on London's streets when he came here as a youth, started the Fairbridge Farm Schools for them in Australia and British Columbia.

The Memorial College in Southern Rhodesia is still in its temporary but spacious quarters in a former air training centre at Induna, ten miles from Bulawayo. There are now 18 girls as well as 98 boys at the College, all of whom come from the Old Country, many of them being orphans.

Life has begun again for these

The First Portrait of a Man

AN Englishwoman and a Frenchwoman working together have discovered in France the earliest realistic human portrait in the history of Man.

The exciting discovery was made recently at the prehistoric rock-shelter of Angles-sur-l'Anglin, in the Department of Vienne, by Professor Dorothy Garrod, Disney Professor of Archaeology in Cambridge University, and Mlle Suzanne de Saint-Mathurin.

The original ground-level of this cave, in which our Stone Age ancestors lived, lies under huge piles of debris which have fallen from the roof.

Before attempting to remove this debris Professor Garrod and her companion decided to examine carefully a pile of rubble at the approach to the shelter, left there from some excavations made many years earlier.

Within half an hour of starting the task of sifting the rubble the searchers came upon a splendidly sculptured block of limestone depicting in life-size and in high relief the head and neck of a young ibex. At once this was recognised to be one of the most beautiful and delicately-worked art objects ever to be found on a prehistoric site.

The primitive artist had caught with a rare fidelity and naturalness the innocent, wide-eyed gaze of a young animal just disturbed by the hunter. So delicate was

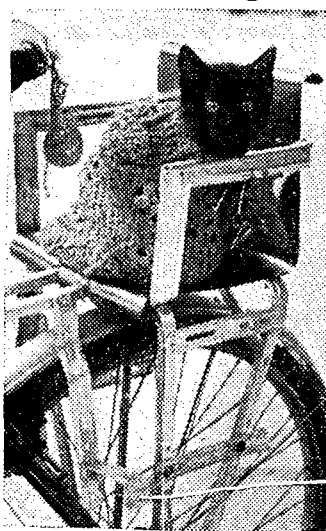
the work that the onlookers, turning it over in their hands, could hardly believe that the ibex had been carved solely with stone tools.

Immediately afterwards even this exceptional find paled into insignificance, for a workman brought up a stone which appeared, through the layers of dirt that encrusted it, to bear traces of paint and an engraved human eye. Carefully the dirt was washed off and there was revealed the head and shoulders of a man of the Magdalenian Age.

The likeness, executed in a combination of painting, sculpture, and engraving, is obviously a portrait of a Stone Age man who walked the earth some 12,000 years ago, and represents the first realistic portrait ever known to have been made.

From the portrait the man would be recognisable even today with his lofty forehead, strongly-chiselled nose, and straight chin. He has a short, black-painted beard and engraved hair of the same colour although faded. The eye is deeply cut, and there are lashes to the upper and lower eyelids. Across his cheek run a series of thin, intercrossing lines which represent either scars or wrinkles. A final touch is a garment, covered with a network of fine lines to give the impression of fur which is drawn up the man's chin.

In The Bag



Sooty, a six-week-old kitten, peers out from the back-seat of its master's bicycle at Slough, Buckinghamshire. Tied up in a bag for safety, it was doubtless pleased when it reached journey's end.

The Editor's Table

HOBBY OF GIVING

FAME never came to William John Abrey; indeed, most of his fellow-countrymen have never heard his name. But down in the Weald of Kent, in the old town of Tonbridge, he is remembered with affection and thankfulness by countless people, for it was his particular genius to be always thinking of others.

His recently-published will reveals his essential kindness in its closing words: "I have tried to live at peace and good will with all, and if at any time I have offended by deed or word I ask forgiveness." Like Abou Ben Adhem, he wished to be written as one who loved his fellow-men; and he gave practical expression to his wish.

William Abrey was a generous man, and he made a hobby of giving. He gave away his wealth. Playing fields, children's treats, gardens for the poor, clubs for boys—no call upon his pocket was ever refused if he could possibly respond.

As a young man he inherited great wealth, but he determined not to let wealth destroy his soul. He set out to share his inheritance, to pave his pathway through life with good deeds; and as a result the name he has left behind is treasured in the hearts of the thousands who knew him.

This world would be a happier place if hundreds more would take up William Abrey's hobby of giving.

His generosity writes a parable for all men and provides a summons to every kind heart. Men like him add to the stature of living, and proclaim the high worth of human life.

To make a hobby of giving is to live nobly.

Trouble in the Hills

THE Men of Harlech are on the march again—this time against the British Electricity Authority whose hydro-electric schemes will, it is feared, spoil the beauty of North Wales. The Special Committee of the Council for the Preservation of Rural Wales has promised opposition "to the utmost" to the Snowdon and Nant Ffrancon schemes.

The Committee say that power stations 60 feet high at several of the most famous beauty spots could not be camouflaged, and that naked pipelines would further scar the landscape. An extension network of high tension cables would radiate in all directions from five stations within six miles of one another and their extreme disruptive effect could never be disguised or minimised.

It is a difficult problem. Hydro-electric schemes are a lasting benefit to the nation, but it should not be beyond the wit of man to devise them so that they do not mar the beauty of our fair land.

Truth Will Out

SIR HARTLEY SHAWCROSS spoke recently on how the Communists have tried to hide from their subjects the truth about the decisions of the International Court of Justice in the case of the British destroyers which were mined in the Corfu Channel.

Albania was held responsible but as Sir Hartley said, "it is an interesting commentary on truth in Communist countries that it was almost universally described as a complete victory for Albania, whereas in fact it was a humiliating and disgraceful defeat for her on a charge tantamount to murder."

"There is perhaps not very much hope of the rule of law prevailing in international affairs so long as the totalitarian Communist countries, following the Goebbels technique, so persistently lie to their people. But we can at least encourage the legal method in the relations between the democracies."

A WORD FROM SHAKESPEARE

For now I am in a holiday humour

The Extra Year at School

It is now possible to see the results to young people of the raising of the school-leaving age to 15, and they are encouraging, according to the Ministry of Education's Annual Report for 1948 (Stationery Office, 3s 6d).

The boys and girls leaving at 15, states the Report, had "an increased maturity and poise, a growth of independence and resourcefulness and a greater confidence in speech. When they left they were reported from a number of areas to have shown a more thoughtful and critical attitude towards the question of employment."

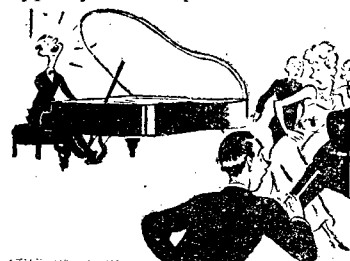
Under the E

THE mania to go abroad is a disease, declares a doctor. Some tourists are really travelling cases.

THE new roses have points that failed us in the old ones. They pricked just the same.

A FIRE in a storehouse burned everything except a heap of coal. The sort we have been getting.

ENGLISH, says a writer, should be pronounced as it is spelled. Suppose you can't spell it?



A CORRESPONDENT wants to party go. He should try singing.

THINGS SAID

TRUTH brooks no rival and the search for it will lead you over many rocky crags, but the search will be useless unless illuminated by the light of religion. *The Earl of Athlone to boys leaving college*

WHATEVER the final judgment may be on the impressionist painters, they have brought a refreshing breath of air into the art galleries. *Archbishop of York*

I HAVE heard it said in jest that your Lordships go home earlier because peers have to help their wives with the washing-up. *Lord Pethick Lawrence in the House of Lords*

TALKING is such a bore. It's more fun saying nothing. *Harpo Marx*

Emfatically No!

THE Chicago Tribune, which for some time has championed the cause of simpler spelling, is now printing many words in a simplified form.

A notable change is the replacing of "ph" with "f" except at the beginning of a word, examples being geogra^fy, photogra^fy, and telegra^fy. The initial "ph" is retained so that the words can be found in the dictionary.

Another change is in words such as dista^f and masti^f. In these the second "f" drops off and the reader gets dista^f, masti^f, and baili^f. One-syllabled words like do^f, sco^f, and puff remain the same.

It is a brave experiment, but we cannot help thinking that such simplification only tends to make our difficult language all the more difficult. If we are to keep the word "phrase," for instance, what happens to "paraphrase"? And it will be more than a little strange to read of two men having a tiff and hitting each other in the midriff. No, we are emfatically against such reforms.

ditor's Table

PETER PUCK
WANTS TO KNOW

If freckles are
beauty spots



A MAN is thinking of turning his garden over to fruit. Anyhow he will have to turn it over.

BORROWERS from Lancing Library are warned against leaving crumbs in books. Only food for thought is required.

PEOPLE at Southwold have been asked not to use more than three inches of water in their bath. Most of them have two feet.

A NEW wing at the Radiochemical Laboratory, Harwell, is ready for atomic research. Hope it won't fly away.

OFF THE LEASH

This charming little interlude in the life of a great city was witnessed by a correspondent who is certainly a lover of dogs.

HE was, I suppose, as one of Mr Kipling's dogs would have put it, "vile undogful." He was small and tawny. He wore a small embroidered blue coat, and he sat upon a mat, with one ear up and the other ear down, and with a small enamel mug dangling from his teeth.

His master sat upon the pavement of the quiet square beside him, and gazed solemnly out before him. On his left there stretched three or four canvasses propped against the railings, and three coloured impressions of fruit chalked upon paving stones fronted these.

On Duty

People came and went, were delighted with the blue-coated mongrel and clinked coins into the extended mug. The dog wagged his tail as he had been taught, and came with his money to his master after each donation. Then, unquestioningly, he returned to his mat, where he sat blinking into the sun.

Other dogs passed. With their noses in the air and their eyes averted, they one by one delivered the cut absolute to the "vile undogful" little mountebank with his silly coat and his mug. He blinked at them and budged not one inch. Then, suddenly, round the corner came a leggy Airedale puppy, a gawky, blundering caricature of a dog, lolloping, barking, bounding. He rushed, all paws and grin, at the little solemn fellow sitting there on the pavement, sparred at him, and looked puzzled.

Playtime

The little mongrel with a sad sort of expression turned his head away. That sort of thing, clearly, was not for him. But the Airedale pup continued his gambol. It was too much for the other. Here, obviously, was a dog taking notice of him, a dog anxious for his company.

He looked at the Airedale. He looked at his master questioningly, wagging his short stump. For a moment, tension was in the air, and then the man grinned, patted him, removed the mug, and said something. Two dogs raced, a scatter of legs and barks, down the road, back again, down it and back again, one lean and leggy, the other moving at great speed despite the blue coat.

For about two minutes the game went madly on, and then, "That's enough," said the artist. A small, grateful, tawny bunch of obedience rushed back to him and licked his hands. And in another five seconds the little brown dog was once more seated on his mat, holding his mug, wagging his tail at passers-by.

Business, after all, was business!

JUST AN IDEA

As Thoreau wrote, Money is not required to buy one necessity of the soul.



For Cricketers

The old church hall of St John the Baptist church at Axbridge, Somerset, is used as a workshop for the manufacture of cricket pads and gloves. With the 16th-century tower in the background, one of the girl workers carries an armful of gear.

THE STORY OF LINCOLNSHIRE

THE King's England volume on Lincolnshire is one that Arthur Mee would have been happy to give his blessing, for though he did not live to do so, it is just what he thought the books that were to embrace every county and every village in the realm should be.

It is not just a first-rate guide book to be taken from the shelf to supply information, but a book that can be read by the fire on winter evenings or under the trees in summer shade. And the reader will go on reading. It has a liveliness about it, and an old admirer of Arthur Mee used to say that what made his writing different was that it was alive. It was—it moves. And that rare gift is with Sydney Warner, his successor for these county books. It can be detected in many a happy touch.

To Arthur Mee's sister Lois and to her husband Claude Scanlon readers of this volume are also indebted for their able and devoted work.

In this fine volume we are thrilled by the stories of Great Monuments, Great Men, Great Memories. Lincoln itself offers them, for Lincoln, that old confused town, long, uneven, steep, and rugged, as John Evelyn described it, has for more than two thousand years played a part in the history of our land; and on the hill-top soaring above the river Witham is the triple-

This Question of Crossing the Channel

ONCE again advocates of a Channel tunnel have been trying to make their voices heard and certainly the closer co-operation between the Western Powers would seem to make it more than ever desirable. The topic has been raised in the House of Commons almost every year for the past half-century, but the Government have always objected to the scheme on the grounds that the tunnel might be used for an enemy invasion.

As recently as 1924 a Committee of Imperial Defence voted against the scheme, believing it would greatly increase their anxieties. Neither Parliament nor the public were happy about this decision, and in 1930 a Channel Tunnel Committee voted in favour of the tunnel. A free vote of the House of Commons, however, rejected the scheme by seven votes.

A few people have managed to swim the Channel in upwards of 11 hours. But most of us cross by boat from Dover to Calais in

about an hour or fly from London to Paris in some 75 minutes. We could, however, all go from Dover to France in half an hour if there were a tunnel; and without discomfort or delay.

The French as a whole have always been in favour of the tunnel, and it was a French engineer named Mathieu who first suggested the project in 1802.

Two starts have actually been made on the tunnel. Boring was begun on the French side in 1872, but the financial backing was insufficient and work was abandoned. Nine years later the old South Eastern Railway and the newly-formed Submarine Continental Railway Company took charge of the work, and by the end of 1881 an experimental shaft 300 feet deep and a mile long had been driven into the chalk of Ness Corner Point at Shakespeare's Cliff.

The plan was to build a tunnel with two parallel galleries, each about the size of a London Underground tunnel, approximately 39 miles long. The estimated cost was £40,000,000.

Subterranean Luncheon

In 1882 the work was inspected by Joseph Chamberlain in company with many M.P.s, financiers, and engineers, and the party had a "subterranean" luncheon in the rapidly-deepening shaft. But opposition to the project was increasing, and in 1883 a committee was set up to report on the technical problems, traffic possibilities, and military aspect.

The committee reported favourably on the first two points, but not on the third. The Government then decreed that the company should tunnel no farther towards the coast of France, and the ban has been in force ever since.

But one of these days the signal to proceed will be given, and our engineers and their French opposite numbers will resume the work of the early pioneers and thus forge a new link under the sea between two peace-loving nations.

A Corner of Auld Reekie

ONE of the quaintest parts of Old Edinburgh, the historic Whitehorse Close in the Canon-gate, is to be reconstructed to provide 22 two-apartment houses for elderly people.

There is a tradition that the Close derives its name from a handsome palfrey belonging to Mary Queen of Scots. Sir Walter Scott was well acquainted with Whitehorse Close, and it figures in the Waverley Novels; here it was that Captain Waverley stayed during his brief visit to Scotland's capital.

In Whitehorse Close, too, there stands an ancient tenement, said to have been the residence of Bishop Paterson, an Episcopal dignitary detested by the Covenanters.



THIS ENGLAND

In the fine old town of Stamford, Lincolnshire's southern gateway

70-Mile Wall Across Britain

A LARGE party of antiquaries has just made a centenary pilgrimage of Hadrian's Wall, traversing the whole seventy miles of it from the estuary of the Tyne to the Solway Firth.

Started by Dr Collingwood Bruce in 1849, and observed at roughly ten-year intervals ever since, the pilgrimage is now regarded by scholars as a review of recent research work on the wall, and as an opportunity for planning future investigations.

It was Agricola, who came to Britain in AD 78, who first marked out the neck of land between the Tyne and the Solway as a suitable line of defence. Before he advanced into Scotland at the head of his legions he secured his rear from attack by the tribes of southern Britain by building a line of forts here.

When Emperor Hadrian visited Britain in AD 120 he recognised the strategic value of these forts and ordered the construction of a stone wall of great height and strength to connect them. Considerable stretches of this stone wall survive today, silent witnesses of the Romans' mastery of the art of fortification.

Forts and Camps

All along this wall were placed a series of military stations, forts, and stationary camps to serve as garrisons and to accommodate the soldiers. To the south of the wall ran a huge earth-wall fenced with stakes—the vallum—which was an additional protection against southern tribes.

An enormous ditch which skirted the north side was intended to keep at bay the savage Caledonians of North Britain, and a splendidly-built military road built between the vallum and the stone wall enabled detachments of Roman soldiers to pass rapidly from fort to fort or to any point at which danger threatened.

The wall was repaired by Severus in 209 before he advanced into Scotland, where he lost 50,000 men; but after his departure the wall was neglected and gradually reduced to ruin which remains magnificent to this day.

Steps to Sporting Fame



A Test cricketer at the early age of 18, Brian Close, of Yeadon, Yorkshire, brings one more honour to the County of the White Rose.

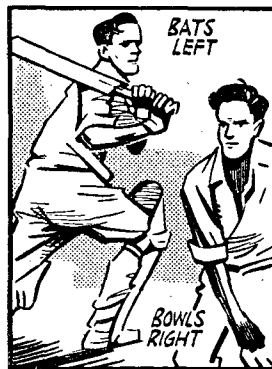


Member of a cricketing family, Brian used to get his mother to bowl for him in the back garden. He became the school star, and one year ago was elected captain of the village junior team.



Close came into the Yorkshire eleven only last May. He was watching a village match when he heard the news that he had been selected for England—the youngest Test cricketer of all.

Brian Close



Brian is an all-rounder, well on the way to recording 1000 runs and 100 wickets in his first season of first-class cricket, but he expects to join the Royal Corps of Signals in September.

Yoseb Gergan's Task

TIBETAN has been added to the growing list of tongues in which the Bible is published, the main translator being Yoseb Gergan, a Tibetan Christian, son of a Buddhist lama.

Squatting behind a little collapsible table one foot high, Yoseb Gergan brought all his knowledge of Tibetan to bear on his translation. He used the Revised English Bible, Dr Moffatt's translation, and also a Hindustani version of the Bible in the course of his work. He wrote with a quill pen, and few people could read his handwriting. He surrounded himself with a mountain of manuscripts and reference books, and drank Tibetan butter-tea to refresh himself.

A Moravian missionary in Tibet, Walter Asboe, says that in the last few years of his life Yoseb Gergan knew that he was fighting against time. Living up in the mountains of Western Tibet he concentrated on his task, but died before the finished book was published.

But Yoseb Gergan had won his fight. He was a hymn-writer as well as Bible translator, and his work remains a monument to a self-dedicated life.

NEW ZEALAND'S TEST FAREWELL

THE fourth and final Test Match, beginning on Saturday at Kennington Oval, will revive memories for two of England's greatest modern batsmen; for when New Zealand last played in a Test match at the Oval, in August 1937, Denis Compton and Cyril Washbrook both made their first appearance in international cricket.

Washbrook, then 22, batted "first wicket down," and scored 9 in the first innings and 8 not out in the second. Compton, then only 19, was run out when he had scored a brilliant 65 in the first innings, and he also took two wickets for 34 runs. The match was drawn.

The only other Test Match played by New Zealand at the Oval was in 1931, when England won by an innings and 26 runs.

A FEW IMPORTANT DON'TS FOR THE HOLIDAYS

AUTHORITIES at holiday resorts every year take all possible measures to warn visitors of any danger spots in their respective areas; we have all seen such notices as: It is Dangerous to Swim Beyond this Limit; These Cliffs are Dangerous; Strong Currents—Bathing Forbidden; and so on.

Yet, sure enough, year after year we hear or read of holiday-makers who have ignored these common-sense warnings and, as a result, have met with accidents or lost their lives. Often, too, other people lose their lives while attempting to rescue those in danger.

Now, there is nothing heroic in taking such risks. Authorities who set up warning notices only do so if there is real danger.

The non-swimmer, of course, should be particularly wary. For instance, he may wade into the sea and suddenly find himself out of his depth. If he can keep his head he will usually find it is only because of a hole dug in the sand and that shallow water is all round him. If he panics, however, it may be a very different story.

So if you are a non-swimmer, watch your step! Better still, learn to swim or even float as soon as you can. The ability

to float has saved scores of non-swimmers' lives.

Another golden rule for bathers is never take a "header" until certain that the water is of sufficient depth for diving and that there are no under-water obstructions. River bathing can also be grand fun if it is not forgotten that what was a clear stretch of water one day may be dangerous the next. The current very often brings branches of trees or waterlogged objects downstream which cannot be spotted from the river bank. Un-

suspected waterweed can be a danger, too. It always pays to make a close investigation in the first place.

Bathers are also advised not to take a dip directly after a heavy meal; postponing that swim for a couple of hours or so may mean avoiding a dangerous collapse in the water. On the other hand, it is inadvisable to undertake strenuous swimming on an empty stomach; those who enjoy a "before breakfast" dip should have a cup of tea and a couple of biscuits before setting out.

Then again, Dr Sunshine is a grand physician; but his medicine must be taken in small, graded doses to begin with, or it may do more harm than good. It is not only uncomfortable to have a raw and blistered back, an overdose of sunbathing will upset your system, too.

Doctors advise the following "exposure table" for sunbathing without tears: first day, 5 minutes; second day, 10 minutes, and so on for the first week. After the first week you can safely increase the periods by 10 minutes each day instead of five. If you find that sunbathing makes you feel "as limp as a rag" or gives you headaches, it is a sure sign you are overdoing it.

"Who Wears Which Hat?" Competition Result

AWARDS in No 6 of the CN weekly competitions are as follow. The first prize of a NEW BICYCLE goes to

Michael P. Dallas, 99 Cope Lane, Penwortham, near Preston, whose entry was correct and the best-written according to age.

The five cameras have been awarded to Richard Birch, B'ham 10; Irene Horne, Glasgow, S W 2; Annetta Jones, Newcastle Emlyn; Adelaide McConnell, Kilkeel; Gerald B. Shaw, Bradford.

SOLUTION: A-8, B-1, C-10, D-11, E-2, F-4, G-9, H-5, J-12, K-3, L-7, M-6.

ROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS—Jules Verne's Great Story, Told in Pictures



The Henrietta reached Queenstown harbour, Ireland, at 1 a.m. on the 80th day of Mr Fogg's journey. He was due in London that evening, and he had resolved to make a dash for it by way of Dublin and Liverpool. He and his party entered the Dublin train. Fix, the detective, had a warrant for the arrest of Mr Fogg, whom he believed to be a bank robber; but had been unable to use it on foreign territory.



They reached Dublin at daybreak, boarded a steamer, and were at Liverpool by midday. Mr Fogg was now only six hours from London. But this was the moment for which Fix had followed Fogg round the world, and, as Fogg landed, Fix exclaimed, "I arrest you in the Queen's name." Jean tried to attack Fix but was held back by policemen. Fogg was locked in the Custom House.



In the room in which he was locked Mr Fogg sat with his watch in front of him, grimly watching the precious minutes slip by. It was now one o'clock, and if he did not reach the Reform Club, London, by 8.45 that evening he would lose the rest of his fortune, £20,000, which was the amount he had wagered on his ability to go round the world in 80 days. The minutes ticked on. A clock struck two.



At half-past two Fix rushed in. "I beg your pardon—a most unfortunate resemblance," gasped the astonished detective. "The real culprit has been arrested. You are free."



When Fogg, Jean, and Aouda reached the station, the London express had left. Mr Fogg ordered a special train, but this could not be got ready before 3 o'clock. They were obliged to wait.

Can Mr Fogg Reach London in less than six hours? See Next Week's Instalment

The Children's Newspaper, August 13, 1949

BILL and JILL, the CN twins on holiday at Blackpool

They play a part in the adventure of...

The Stolen Melody

Told by Frank S. Pepper



"KEEP on playing, please, Mr Kellshaw."

Bill Watson and his twin sister Jill both spoke together as they stood beside the boarding-house piano.

Kerry Kellshaw, a jovial, merry-faced young man, looked up at them with a wry smile.

"Have a heart!" he begged with a chuckle. "Do you want me to go stale before my broadcast?"

"Just one more!" begged Jill.

The twins were spending a week by the sea at Blackpool. Kerry Kellshaw was a fellow-guest at the boarding-house who played the piano with a seaside concert party which was having a season at a Blackpool theatre.

Kerry was a wizard at the piano. His nimble fingers could perform marvels on the keyboard. He had a lilting style all his own which gave an exciting freshness to even the most hackneyed of tunes.

Kerry and the twins had become firm friends. Bill and Jill were particularly excited because on the following evening there was to be a broadcast of part of the concert party's show, and Kerry was to have his first chance of being heard on the air.

As Kerry sat idly strumming, Jill began to sort a pile of old music. Suddenly she uttered a startled exclamation.

"Do look at this!" she begged.

She had found a batch of music in manuscript. The title 'Blackpool Serenade' was written at the top of the first sheet in a firm round hand.

Kerry Kellshaw took the music and began to hum softly to himself.

"By Jove, this is good!" he exclaimed with enthusiasm.

He began to play, but he had scarcely gone beyond the introductory bars when the door was flung open and the boarding-house landlady, Miss Judd, burst into the room.

"Stop!" she cried angrily. "Stop it at once!"

Kerry stopped abruptly, and swung round on the piano stool. The twins stared in amazement. Miss Judd was usually so pleasant and charming. They had never seen her like this before.

"I'm terribly sorry if I've offended you, Miss Judd," Kerry apologised. "But—this music! Who composed it?"

Miss Judd's face softened. For a moment it looked as if she might cry.

"I'm sorry, too," she confessed in a whisper. "It's just that I can't bear to hear that music played since my nephew Jack went away. He composed it."

"Tell us about him," begged Bill.

"Perhaps Miss Judd would rather not," suggested Jill tactfully.

"I think I would," answered Miss Judd. "My nephew Jack was an orphan. I brought him up. All his life music has been the only thing that has really mattered. He always believed that if he tried long enough the

day would come when people would want to listen to his music."

"I'd say he was right," nodded Kerry. "If I know anything about popular music Blackpool Serenade could become an overnight smash-hit."

"WELL, one day we had a terrible quarrel," said Miss Judd unhappily. "It was about money. Some cash disappeared from my desk. I thought Jack had taken it. Of course, I should have known better. Jack would never do a thing like that. In the end he left the house and has never come back. That was nearly a year ago and I've never seen him since. After he'd gone I found the money. I knew I had made a terrible mistake. If only I could explain to him—"

"Is there no way of finding him?" asked Jill. "Don't you know where he went?"

"I've tried every way I could think of," sighed Miss Judd. "Jack's too proud to come back now. Sometimes I think he is still somewhere in Blackpool. A neighbour told me that she believed she saw him in Stanley Park, and once when I was passing the Central Pier I thought I saw him near Manchester Square; but before I could get near him he was gone."

Miss Judd drew herself up, and then hurried from the room.

Jill was thoughtful for a long time.

"We've got to find this nephew," she said at last. "And I know how we can do it if you'll help, Mr Kellshaw."

As Jill unfolded her plan Kerry Kellshaw's expression grew more and more astonished.

"You don't know what you're asking!" he protested at last. "It's an impossible scheme."

"I think it's jolly good!" cried Bill.

"I couldn't do it," insisted Kerry.

"Yes, you will," Jill said vigorously, "or we'll come and ruin your silly old broadcast by booing you all the way through."

Kerry chuckled.

"You're very determined, aren't you? All right. I'll do it, though goodness knows what will happen to me afterwards."

THE following evening was a thrilling time for the twins.

Kerry Kellshaw had secured them front-row seats in the stalls. They were almost breathless with excitement by the time the curtain rose, and they could scarcely control their impatience at waiting for the moment when Kerry Kellshaw appeared.

Kerry played a number of popular pieces in his usual fascinating style, and was rewarded with boisterous applause.

Then he turned to the microphone.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I should like to finish on a different note," he said quietly. "I am now going to play you a little thing of my own composition, written specially for this broadcast, which I have called Blackpool"

Continued on page 10

How's Your Arithmetic?

1st PRIZE: A BICYCLE!

Other Prizes, too, in CN Competition No 12

If you can add up and you have a little patience, here is a very good puzzle. It is not at all difficult, and if you are as smart as we think you are you will soon find the short cuts to the complete solution. There is NO entry fee.

WHAT TO DO: The puzzle is to complete a Magic Square in the frame below—by using the spare numbers at the side in the empty spaces so that in the complete square the numbers in every row across, every column down, and the two long diagonal rows (corner to corner) add up to 65.

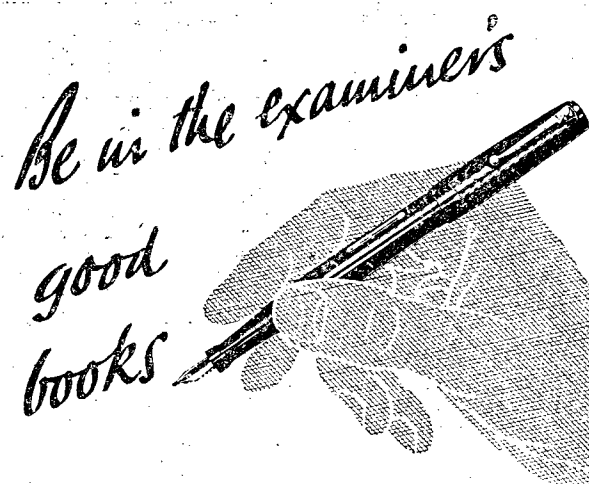
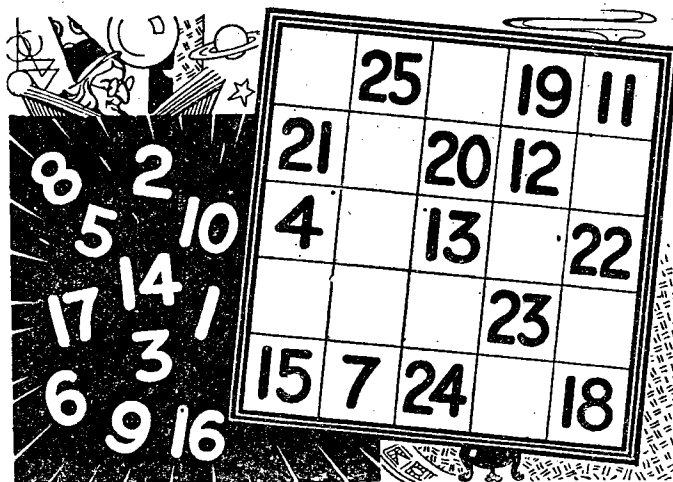
Start by finding a row that needs one number only to complete it to a total of 65, and from that you will almost find the square building itself up.

When you have completed your solution, do not cut out the square. Instead, take a postcard or plain paper and copy the completed square very neatly on it. Give name, age, and address, then cut out and pin or paste to your entry the competition token (marked "CN Token" and given at the foot of the back page of this issue). Ask your parent, guardian, or teacher to sign the completed entry as being your own written work and post to:

CN Competition No 12, G.P.O. Box 682,
The Fleetway House, London, E.C.4 (Comp).

Entries must reach this address by Friday, August 19.

The Prize Bicycle (junior or full size, as required) will be awarded to the boy or girl whose entry is correct and the best-written or printed according to age. Ensign "Full-View" Cameras will be awarded for the five next-best entries. Editor's decision final.



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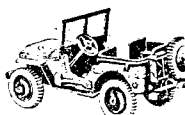
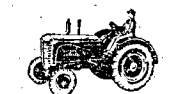
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THE RICHES OF WILLIAM BLAKE

WILLIAM BLAKE'S constantly mounting fame has gained new lustre from the fact that, 122 years after his death, upwards of £61,000 has been paid for a collection of his pictures.

The most noted of American buyers of books and pictures, Dr P. H. Rosenbach, famous at our sales, flew from America to buy from the collection; but all save three examples were secured for Britain, mainly for our art galleries. The collection sold, although important, was but a small portion of the pictures and poems Blake left.

All his life Blake was a poor man, sharing with his saintly wife the humblest of homes, with food and clothing to match; and for the most important of his years occupying a garret which was kitchen, bedchamber, and studio all in one.

Some of the pictures eagerly bought in this latest sale were completed in that poverty-stricken little room from where, as Blake used to recall, he once sent his wife with his last half-crown to buy materials for his work, and she, wise, faithful creature, kept back a shilling to purchase food lest they should famish.

Blake was conscious of his mighty gifts, and always declared that, hard as was then the lot of himself and wife, a rich triumph would be won in the end by his work. But he dreamed more of reward in the hereafter, and would not have cared in the least for the high prices that his work now commands.

Chivalrous Guides of Greece

THE brave work Girl Guides are doing in distracted Greece is described by Alix Liddell in The Council Fire, the World Guide magazine.

There are 18,000 Greek children being cared for in hostels, orphans of the war as well as those who have been sent south by their parents for safety during the civil war.

In these children's hostels the buildings are just adequate, writes Alix Liddell; stone floors, bare whitewashed walls, double-tiered bunks packed closely together.

The Guide Leaders started hostels in the early days. They obtained buildings, repaired them, and escorted the children to them, organising the programme, and doing all the hundred-and-one squalid and frustrating jobs such a project entails.

These leaders continue to visit their hostels and camps at frequent intervals and ensure, among other things, that the children who have relatives keep closely in touch with them.

DRAMA AT MALVERN

MANY drama enthusiasts are spending their holidays at beautiful Malvern this month, for the Malvern Drama Festival, which lasts until September 3.

Among the plays presented in Malvern Theatre at the Festival are three by George Bernard Shaw which represent three decades of his work: The Apple Cart, 1929. In Good King Charles' Golden Days, 1939, and his new play Buoyant Billions, 1949.

THE STOLEN MELODY

Continued from page 9

Serenade. In this piece I have tried to capture the holiday mood of Blackpool, with its happy crowds, its sands, its Tower."

The audience listened in rapt silence as Kerry played.

Then, when the last chords died away the audience broke into tempestuous applause; they stood up, they cheered.

BILL and **JILL** left their seats and hurried round to Kerry's dressing-room, where Miss Judd was already waiting.

Kerry came in, looking flushed and triumphant, but worried.

"They liked it. I knew they would. It's a smash!" he declared, dabbing his brow with a wadded handkerchief. "But I hope your plan works out all right. If it doesn't, how am I ever going to explain? Supposing he wasn't listening!"

"Oh, I'm sure he was," declared Miss Judd. "It's the kind of programme he—"

She broke off. There was a sound of angry voices outside. The door was flung open. "An angry young man stormed into the room."

"Where is he?" he roared. "The thief! The pirate!"

He caught sight of Kerry and sprang forward with his fists clenched.

JILL slipped between them in the nick of time.

"Please—no! It was all my idea!" she protested. "We had to get you out of hiding somehow because Miss Judd has been so unhappy, and we thought that if we could make you really angry—"

Jack Judd drew back, puzzled. "Jack!" said Miss Judd softly. He turned, startled, and catching sight of her for the first time seemed at a loss for words.

Jill touched Kerry's arm.

They all slipped out into the corridor. An eager man came bounding towards them.

"Kerry-boy, I didn't know you had it in you!" he boomed. "You've got to let me publish Blackpool Serenade. It's terrific."

"It's not mine," Kerry said hurriedly. "The composer is in there. Talk to him when he comes out. He has a few things to get straightened first. I—gosh, there's something else I must do."

He dashed back on to the stage, and **Jill** and **Bill** watched him from the wings.

THE **composere** was just making his closing announcement. Kerry whisked the microphone away from him.

"Kerry Kellshaw again, folks!" he panted. "I've got a confession to make. I didn't compose Blackpool Serenade. I couldn't write a number like that in a thousand years. It was just a ruse to get the real composer to reveal himself. He's backstage now, and I'm proud to be able to tell you his name—**Jack Judd**. Remember it. He's got a great future."

He stepped back and glanced towards the wings.

Jill was watching him with approval, smiling happily, and **Bill** was holding his clasped hands above his head in a gesture of victory.

Thanks to the twins, **Jack Judd** had come home!

Another story of **Bill** and **Jill** next week

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14½ ins. jointed, composition throughout, life-like sleeping eyes with eyelashes and glass pupils, distinct 'ma-ma' voice. As above, but with wig, price 22/6 carr. paid.



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Illustration of a soccer ball.

Illustration of a soccer goal.

Illustration of a soccer player.

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Illustration of a stage coach.

Illustration of a stage coach.

Illustration of a stage coach.

Illustration of a stage coach.

Illustration of a stage coach.

Illustration of a stage coach.

Illustration of a stage coach.

The Children's Newspaper, August 13, 1947

LINK WITH A STAUNCH QUEEN

Catherine of Aragon's Last Days

QUEEN CATHERINE of Aragon's dower chest, which has been at Kimbolton Castle, Huntingdonshire, ever since she died there in 1536, is, through the generosity of the Duke of Manchester, to find a permanent home in the Montagu Chapel of Kimbolton parish church. There it will be a memorial to a staunch and good woman.

Catherine of Aragon, Henry VIII's first wife, spent the last four years of her life at Kimbolton, friendless, deserted, ill, heartbroken, but never broken in spirit.

Henry VIII had tried to persuade the Pope to dissolve his marriage with her on the grounds that she was the widow of his brother. In this he failed, but Archbishop Cranmer pronounced Henry's divorce and the validity of his marriage to Anne Boleyn.

Brave Catherine resisted all attempts to make her relinquish her title as Queen of England. She was banished from the court and her one child (afterwards Queen Mary) was taken from her. Moreover, while at Kimbolton she was threatened with death if she would not agree to become Dowager Princess of Wales, and also agree that her daughter Mary was illegitimate.

She haughtily refused. Threats and cajolery alike failed to shake her. She believed she was being slowly poisoned, and she knew that Henry and Anne Boleyn hoped that Kimbolton would hasten her end; but to the last she persisted that she was Henry's lawful wife and Queen of England.

BEDTIME CORNER

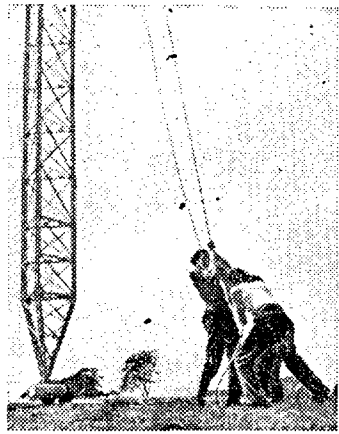
Mr Portly Goes to the Sea

WHAT a scramble and bustle was going on. Boxes were brought down from the attics and filled with clothes, and Christopher and Ann kept singing: "Hurrah! We're going to stay with Grannie at the sea!"

Then a mysterious basket arrived with Mr Portly's name on it, and Ann lined it with a blanket and persuaded him to sleep in it that night instead of his own bed. So next morning, when she put him in it after his run, and shut the lid, he curled down quite happily.

Even when Christopher picked the basket up and took it to the back seat of the car, beside Baby Colin in his carrying basket, Mr Portly didn't mind; in fact, he went to sleep and only woke at the end of the journey.

Then all sorts of things happened. First, he was let out on a sandy lawn sloping down to some rocks. And all the air was filled with a lovely fishy smell. Next, Grannie



Heave!

Television will come to the Midlands soon after the specially-designed 750-foot mast at Sutton Coldfield is completed. Here we see some of the steel erectors hauling on a lifting rope.

NEW SHIPS FROM OLD

To speed up the demolition of salvaged ships a Clyde yard, silent since 1928, has been reopened, for every ounce of scrap is needed for new ships, locomotives, bridges, machinery, and so on.

In the reopened yard ships, burned down to their waterlines, will be beached and every possible pound of metal saved. Time and transport also will be saved, for the Clyde yard is by the steel works where the metal will be treated. The first job will be cutting down the remains of a 23,000-ton American ship, and more ships will follow.

Salvage crews are now at work around the Eritrean coast refloating 27 vessels scuttled during the war. These will be towed to the Clyde yard, and it is estimated that they will yield 90,000 tons of scrap.



came out carrying the most enormous black cat he had ever seen!

"I don't like going to the sea!" thought Mr Portly.

But Grannie said: "Now, Billy Boo, make friends!" as she put him beside Mr Portly.

And after staring at Mr Portly a minute, Billy Boo winked.

Very relieved, Mr Portly winked back. "I think I'm going to like it, after all," he decided.

And then, when everyone had gone in to tea, he was quite sure he was. For Billy Boo invited him to take a stroll on the beach, Grannie's own little beach, cut off by rocks from the rest of the shore, and where they were happy together, undisturbed by dogs or people.

Down there, after a scamper along the sand and some rock climbing, he watched Billy Boo catch some fish from a rock pool with his paws, and delightedly shared them with him. JANE THORNICROFT

Mitcham and Its Fair

HISTORIC SURREY TOWN

The old Surrey town of Mitcham will be a mecca for many thousands of people this week-end, for its famous three-day fair begins on Friday.

THIS famous annual fair is centuries old; for although the actual date of inauguration of the fair is not known, as no charter can be found, the local authorities can turn up documents dating back to the time of the Great Plague.

According to an old chronicler it is one of many fairs and markets established in ancient times "for the better regulation of trade and commerce, and also for the convenience of the king's subjects." Like most other fairs, however, it has long outlived its original purpose.

Local tradition says that Queen Elizabeth patronised the fair, and it is known that she was a frequent visitor to Mitcham, as was her father, Henry VIII.

Mitcham has also the distinction of having supplied the original ball and cross to St Paul's Cathedral. The cathedral records show that Andrew Niblett, of Mitcham, was paid £1538 1s 6d "for ye balle and crosse for ye lanterne." Niblett's ball and cross were replaced by the present ones in 1821.

Cricket Fame

For cricketers Mitcham's fame is in its old village green. Nelson frequently watched a game there, and many players who have made cricket history were born in the village and tutored on this green.

Memories of its lavender fields are perpetuated in Mitcham's coat-of-arms. Oil of lavender was first distilled there, at a farmhouse owned by a Mr John Potter, and although most of the lavender fields have been built on, the perfumery business founded by him is still carried on, and his method of distillation still used.

Another of Mitcham's old memories is of a miraculous event of 1822. It is commemorated by an obelisk with an inscription recording that the village was suffering from a serious drought when a spring suddenly gushed forth. The water flowed until the whole village was supplied, and then as suddenly ceased. In gratitude the villagers subscribed for a monument to mark the site of the spring.

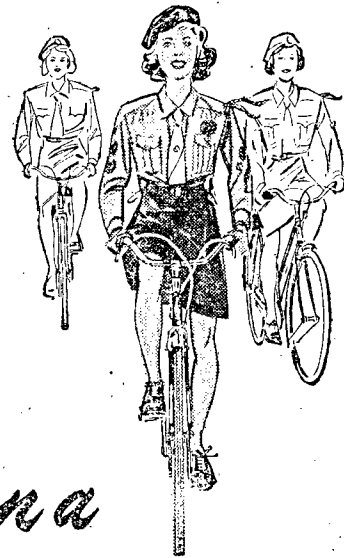
'Prentice Shipbuilders

SEVERAL apprentices in a Clyde shipbuilding yard have built a ship of their own in their spare time.

It is a 16-foot yacht, and for a "building berth" they used the Vanguard Boys Club room. Though fitted with a 22-foot mast for Bermuda rig, an outboard motor will be carried for use when there is no wind. The vessel will be used by the builders for pleasure sailing in the Firth of Clyde at week-ends and holidays.

The lads have also constructed a pair of kayaks. These canoes, double-seated, will allow the boys to explore the islands and waterways around Rothesay. Bute, where the yacht will anchor.

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Which is the largest church?

Why do sailors drink the King's health sitting?

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THE BRAN TUB

A LONG WAIT

A VERY tedious Congressman went on and on with his discourse. In the course of it he said to an opponent: "You, sir, speak for the present generation, but I speak for posterity."

"Yes," replied his adversary, "and it seems that you are resolved to speak until your audience arrives."

Don't Believe It

Peter Puck was asked the other day what jugged hare was. This was his reply:

FIRST take a half-full milk jug Place in a field somewhere; Wait till a hare comes snooping. And you'll soon have jugged hare!

FARMER GRAY EXPLAINS

Shrimps and Prawns. "Did you have a good holiday, children?" asked Farmer Gray.

"Yes, and I caught lots of shrimps," boasted Ann. "Ann was surprised because they weren't pink," put in Don, chuckling at the recollection.

"Never mind Ann," smiled the farmer, noting her discomfiture. "Of course shrimps only turn pink after being boiled, but older people than you are often unaware of the fact. Prawns and Shrimps are often confused. It is easy to distinguish one from the other if you remember that all Prawns have a projecting beak in front of their heads."

Light Task

"OLD Farmer Giles's son is too lazy to make a good farmer." "You're right. Why, I heard his Father ask him to plough the bottom field and he said he would turn it over in his mind."



Can you do
2 good turns
at once?

Mother sometimes gives you an odd copper when you do a job for her and this is how you can turn one good turn into two and help the N.S.P.C.C. to help unhappy children. Save up these coppers and, when you've collected 2/6, send it in with the form below, which you should cut out and fill in. This will make you a member of the League of Pity, the Children's Branch of the N.S.P.C.C. The League will then send you a Blue Bird Badge to keep and wear and, on loan, a Blue Egg in which to put your League savings. You can be sure that every penny you earn or collect will help the N.S.P.C.C. to make some poor, ill-treated boy or girl happy. That's a worthwhile target, isn't it?



SEND THIS COUPON NOW

TO THE LEAGUE OF PITY, VICTORY HOUSE, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C.2
Please enrol me as a Member. I enclose P.O. for 2/6.

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PLEASE USE BLOCK CAPITALS.

Jacko and Chimp Get the Bird

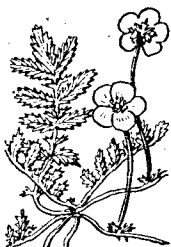


ONE day Jacko and Chimp decided to investigate a small island some way out to sea. They were soon clambering over the rocks and made for the peak. "Strange noises up here," said Jacko as they neared the top. Then they saw the reason for the noises—a group of young seagulls. No sooner had they seen them, however, than mother and father seagulls came screaming down at the intruders. As Jacko remarked as they hastily scrambled down, "We got the bird, well and truly."

COUNTRYSIDE FLOWERS

Silverweed

SILVERWEED flourishes in damp meadows, or on the banks of ditches. The solitary, yellow flowers have five petals which



lie flat, and measure about three-quarters of an inch across. The leaves attract attention both by their quantity and silvery hue. When they are half-open they look entirely silvery-white, but as they expand their upper surface changes to dark green, and only the underside remains silver.

Because geese are very partial to Silverweed it is often called "Goosegrass," although it bears no resemblance to the real Goosegrass, which is a member of the Bedstraw family.

Lazy Fred

A LAZY old fellow named Fred Each morning would linger in bed, Till a jug of cold water Was drawn by his daughter, And emptied on top of Fred's head.

SLEEPING BEAUTY?

LITTLE Betty was standing in front of the mirror with her eyes tightly closed.

"What are you doing?" asked Mummy.

"I want to see what I look like when I am asleep," replied Betty.

A Miss and a Mile.

MOST of us have used the expression A miss is as good as a mile. One source of this saying may be found in the tales of knights of old. Two of them Amys and Milles, were described as being equal in ability. Thus "Amys is as good as Milles" has probably been corrupted to its present form.

TWO WORDS

I AM a slave, unto my master bound; And yet, strange though it seems to be, I sound Like something of the sea, quite free and strong, In which we ride and swim, the whole day long.

Answer next week

Good Guess

THE man was very excited as he told his friend that he had a new grandchild.

"Is it a little girl?" queried his friend.

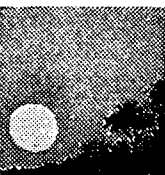
"No! Have another guess."

"A little boy?"

"Yes. But who told you?"

Other Worlds

IN the evening Jupiter is in the south-east, and Venus is very low in the south-west. In the morning Mars is in the east. The picture shows the Moon at 10.30 on Tuesday evening, August 9.



The Children's Hour

BBC Programmes from Wednesday, August 10, to Tuesday, August 16.

WEDNESDAY, 5.0 The Bell Family (Part 1). 5.30 Ajax—an Australian Dog. Midland, 5.0 Benny, the Cotswold Peg-Boy; Piano; River Steamers—a talk. North, 5.0 Sing-Song; Books Worth Reading; Monday's Children's Concert—a talk. Scottish, 5.30 A Handful of Oatmeal.

THURSDAY, 5.0 Baron Bear and the Little Prince (5). 5.30 Camp Cooking—a talk; Gramophone Records. North, 5.0 Brydon Family Play. Scottish, 5.30 The Treasure of the Isle of Mist (4). Welsh, 5.0 Programme in Welsh. 5.30 Timothy Tricycle; Young Artists.

FRIDAY, 5.0 Guard the Eagles (Part 1). 5.40 Things I Wouldn't Have Missed. N. Ireland, 5.0 Richard and the Tinkers (2);

Peter Comes In From the Farm; The Islanders (4); Two Young Singers. West, 5.0 Mother Hankey's Animals (3)—Jinger and the Turkeys; Children by the Sea.

SATURDAY, 5.0 The Admiral's Button—a story; Four in Hand; Pencil and Paper. West, 5.0 Mother Hankey's Animals (4); Piano; Adventure with Oranges—a talk.

SUNDAY, 5.0 Walk with Wilfred. Midland, 5.0 Coco the Clown; Chase Youth Choir; Music of Gaiety. Scottish, 5.0 My Visit to Germany; Cathedrals of Scotland.

MONDAY, 5.0 This Week's Programmes. 5.5 Programme for the youngest listeners. North, 5.0 A Children's Concert.

TUESDAY, 5.0 Beauty and the Beast—a play. North, 5.0 Sing-Song; A story; London Log. Welsh, 5.0 Programme in Welsh.

Cross Word Puzzle

Reading Across. 1 Contented. 5 Covering for a head. 8 A chopping tool. 9 To bring or draw out. 11 To fasten with cord. 12 A Baltic people. 13 Favourite fruit. 15 As well as. 16 Army dining-hall. 19 An article available for payment of debt. 21 Particular part of space. 24 Mass of fish eggs. 26 Four twos. 27 To weary. 28 Indicates a married woman's maiden name. 29 Subject on which one speaks.

Reading Down. 1 A head-dress. 2 Belonging to an axis. 3 Looks furtively. 4 To utter a shrill cry. 5 A stroke with a knife. 6 To perform. 7 Troublesome insects. 10 Believes. 14 To encroach on the property of another. 15 Poplar with trembling leaves. 17 Weird. 18 A tempest. 20 A granite block. 22 To rest horizontally. 23 Oldness. 25 To add to.

Answer next week

MAXIM TO MEMORISE

HE whose chief interest is watching the clock usually continues to be one of the hands.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

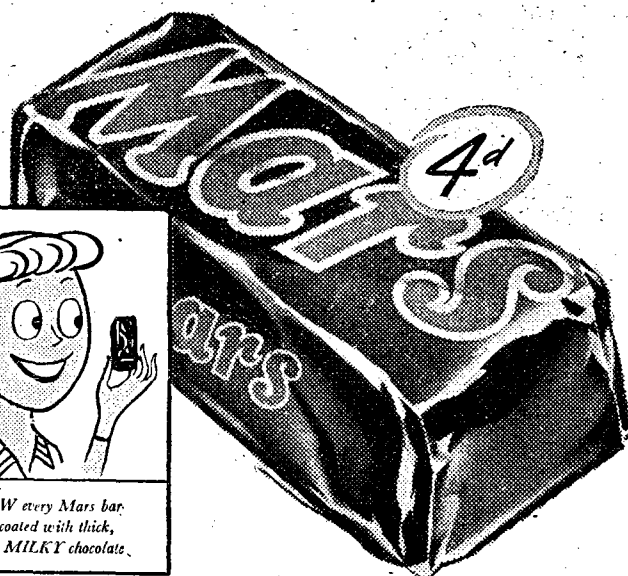
Jumbled Books

When the words are rearranged they become Treasure Island, Oliver Twist, Water Babies, Kidnapped, Robinson Crusoe and Ivanhoe.

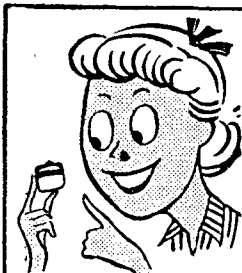
Mars

are more

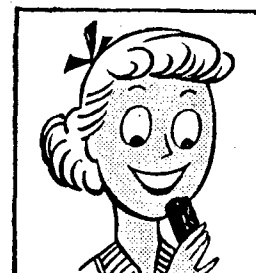
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